

STRIP ME TO THE BONE

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY ASHLEYNADER

[HTTP://OFFTHEWALLPLAYS.COM](http://offthewallplays.com)

COPYRIGHT MARCH 2103 ASHLEY NADER AND OFF THE WALL PLAY
PUBLISHERS

STRIP ME TO THE BONE – a
comedy in one act
Written by Ashley Nader

Cast:

Michelle – about to get married, late 20's-mid 30's

Samantha – married with 3 kids mid to late 30's

Claire – friends with Michelle 20's - 30's

Carol – friends with Michelle 20's – 30's

Scene one: The Strip Club

Lights up on closed curtains.

Michelle:

Let's not bore you with the past and bring you up to speed. I am 28. I have had my share of rotten apples and have finally found my prince to carry me off into the sunset. Unfortunately it's not that simple. One of my rotten apples has grown a conscience. Peter. Now that I am engaged and a week from being married he has decided to jump back on the scene and fight for my love. Matthew, my Prince is not aware of this and I have decided not to share this with him as he would become insecure. Peter was my first love, yet he was nothing that I wanted, even though he still has a way of melting my heart. Matthew, the sweetest man on earth can be as interesting as dish water yet he loves me and gives me so much that I could never get from Peter. Tonight all of this gets put aside as I have my bachelorette party. I know what you're thinking - chaos, strippers, shooters and blackouts, yet I want to remember this night. So I have been clear on my demands, a quiet dinner at the tea garden with my girls and my sister.

Samantha:

That's what she thinks. Reality is very different. Tonight is a chance for my sister to throw her name away, let down her hair and stop worrying about all the crap she's stressing about. I have not waxed and plucked and

boiled all of this to go to some damn tea garden. I am surrounded by three children and a middle aged husband who is close to buying his Ferrari. I want to enjoy myself as well. We are going to the most exclusive strip club in Joburg (the city). Yes, that's right, the PEACOCK PALACE. Nothing better then cute dancers peeling off clothing and shaking things that our mothers warned us about. In a nutshell I want balls in her face.

(Curtains open to reveal the strip club, with a private area)

Michelle: *(Being helped on stage with her two friends)* Can I take this thing off yet?

Samantha: Keep your knickers on, we're almost there.

Michelle: What are you up to, Sam?

Samantha: You will see soon enough.

(The blind fold comes off)

Samantha: Tada. Happy Bachelorette

Michelle: The PEACOCK PALACE? Why did you bring me here? How could you two let her?

Claire: You need some fun before you get attached to the ball and chain.

Carol: Besides you've been so anal retentive lately. I'm surprised every time you sit down you don't suck up the furniture.

Michelle: I've had a lot on my mind, being a bride is a lot of stress, there is so much to think of and decide.

Samantha: Yes it is, things like the flowers and the dress even the guest list. Not which man you are going to screw and which man you are going to screw over.

Michelle: You know it's a hard decision, Peter has had such an...

Carol: I can't, if you start talking about your decision and how you torn between two men again, I think I will throw a bitch fit.

Claire: Let's just calm down, I bought some refreshments lets just enjoy this time together no men, besides the stripper, no talk of decisions. We are here to celebrate with you. Tomorrow is another day with its own set of drama.

Michelle: *(Phone rings)* Hello. Peter this isn't such a good time...

Carol: I'm going to the bar for some tequila and to go get the stripper, before I hurt somebody, Peter I hope your willy falls off.

Michelle: *(On the phone)* That's Carol, she says hello...

Samantha: *(Takes the phone)* Hey Peter. It's Sam. We're about to enjoy strippers and we don't need you upsetting my sister. So piss off. *(Hangs up)*

Michelle: Why did you do that?

Samantha: Because he's making matters worse and you're allowing him. So no Peter and no Matthew talk tonight.

Michelle: Give me my phone?

Samantha: No. Claire, you know what to do? *(gives the phone to her)*

Claire: This is for your own good. *(Sticks the phone in her underwear)*

Samantha: If you want it go get it.

Michelle: You know what, forget it, let's just enjoy the now.

Claire: That's the spirit. Your phone's not on vibrate is it?

Michelle: Let's start drinking. I'm going to go help Carol with the drinks.

Claire: I still don't see what she sees in Peter. He was such a douche bag. Why would she even consider going back to all of that.

Samantha: Unfortunately you can't tell the heart what it wants. Its because he made a success out of himself, built himself up from nothing, studied at night between shifts at the hospital and become a doctor. She found that admirable and loving, until she caught him one night having sex with one of the nurses, in his office.

Claire: I would have hurt him, I would have revenge, not crawl back. I guess you can take a horse to water but you can't

make it drink.

Samantha: Unless you drown the damn thing. Here she comes.

Claire: I mean, the 'Peacock Palace' - what an interesting name. What would they call it if it was female strippers...

Samantha: The bearded Clam.

Carol: Okay?

Claire: No really, Carol, what would you call a female strip club if you had the choice?

Carol: *(Takes a shot)* Very random, yet I guess it would be something dirty and funny. Like the ocean basket.

Michelle: That's disgusting, you people are such pigs.

Samantha: Stop being so tense, we're here, so just enjoy yourself.

Michelle: *(Knocks back a shot, deep breath, takes another shot)* Okay so what type of stripper did you get? Cowboy, Astronaut, Pizza delivery guy, Plumber ...

Claire: Who has a big wrench.

Michelle: I was going to say plumber who can clean my pipes.

Samantha: That's the spirit. So Carol what type did you organize?

Carol: Santa Claus.

Michelle: You got me a stripping Santa Claus.

Samantha: Well that's one Sack I definitely don't want to look at.

Carol: I know it's weird, yet the manager says he's the best, nice body, good looking and a great shaker of the goods.

Samantha: Well then maybe I will have a look at his sack.

Claire: In that case Santa, I been a very bad girl, I deserve a spanking.

Michelle: A stripping Santa? Why not a paedophile Easter bunny or serial killer tooth fairy.

Samantha: Oh, just shut up and take another shot.

Michelle: Well, if you did what I had asked for none of this would be a problem.

Samantha: You're the problem. Doesn't matter where we would have gone to, you would be thinking about Peter and wondering if you should marry Matthew. Trust me those issues and problems will still be there in the morning. Put it aside for a while and just enjoy the moment with friends and a hot Santa.

Michelle: Screw it, you're right. *(Knocks back three shots in a row)*
Let's get this party started. Where is that stripper I'll sit on Santa's lap.

(Lights dim, Music begins, stripper comes on stage, Ladies scream)

Carol: Santa, Ill guide your sleigh.

Claire: Santa! Ill be your ho ho ho.

(Samantha and Michelle, cheers each other take back another shot)
(The stripper comes on stage does a dance and starts stripping)

SCENE TWO – at home in the lounge

(Next morning, lounge scene Claire and Carol passed out on the couch, they slowly wake up)

Claire: Good morning

Carol: There's nothing good about this.

Claire: It feels like I have ten Mexicans running for the border.

Carol: So, asking if you want to organize a greasy breakfast of egg and bacon, not such a good idea.

Claire: Unless you want me to hurl on you.

Carol: Do you have headache tablet (Panado)?

Claire: Somewhere in my bag, ow my boobs are killing me.

Carol: I think my body is trying to kill me, I think all my organs

need to be put into a washing machine. Thanks (*Takes the tablets*)

Claire: (*Feels herself*) What the hell? (*Pops two shooter glasses out of her bra*) That's much better.

Carol: Pass me the green ambulance please (*Hands her the cream soda*)

Claire: Some party. Good choice on the stripper.

Carol: Pity he's a friend of Dorothy

Claire: Who's Dorothy? Was she there last night?

Carol: No, you ding bat, that's the polite way of saying he's gay

Claire: How do you know?

Carol: Because when I made a pass at him he told me he only eats sausage, so I can close the fish market.

Claire: Well, it was still nice of him to bring us all back to Michelle's.

Carol: Who knew he had such an amazing voice.

Claire: He sang?

Carol: I think you passed out at that time. He got dressed up in Michelle's clothes and did his own version of Evita "Don't cry for me, Benoni (any small country town), I have tinted windows and 6x9's I'll be fine"

Claire: That must have been a sight.

Carol: It was so fricking funny

Claire: What did Michelle and Sam think of it?

Carol: Michelle disappeared. Sam took photos and then we used up the rest of the booze in drinking games.

Claire: What did you play?

Carol: Sex scrabble. You have to put down a word relating to sex and if you can't, you drink and take an item of clothing off.

Claire: Maybe it was a good thing I was passed out.